4.

AN

EPISTLE,

&c.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

L—Y W——Y

TO

S–R R—D W——Y, Bart.

——*Adhuc ardens rigidæ tentigine vulvæ.* Juv.

——*Laſſata viris nondum ſatiata receſſit.* Ibid.

For Dr. *Squintum* ſays, *that* Woman's not worth ſaving, who will not commit a ſwinging Sin. FOOTE's *Minor.*

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MDCCLXXXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

L—y W——Y to Sir R——D.

DETESTED Man! of all thy ſex the worſt,
As I of mine the moſt completely curſt;
To thee I write, no follies to confeſs,
The paſt I own, nor wiſh the future leſs.

What though for thee I'm ſtyl'd, in ev'ry page,
The Meſſalina of the preſent age;
Be it my praiſe, my chief delight, to own,
Of all mankind I love not thee alone.
This truth let D—T, P——H, tell;
For them I lov'd, I *fear*, alas! too well:
Yet when another, and another came,
The *object* alter'd, the *deſire* the ſame;
I ſtrictly follow'd Nature's liberal plan,
And what ſhe gave to me, beſtow'd on Man.
Blame on, ye Prudes! and cenſure thoſe who may,
I'm quite regardleſs what the world can ſay!

Let

Let bluſhing Maids found once, alas! too frail,
In blubb'ring accents tell the doleful tale;
With words ambiguous half the fact reveal,
With ſighs and ſobs the other half conceal:
Tell the falſe oaths by which their hearts were won,
How much they ſtruggl'd ere they were undone.
But let the knowing, well-experienc'd Dame
Enjoy the pleaſure, and deſpiſe the ſhame;
Pant for freſh ſcenes of unreſtrain'd delight,
Wiſh the day paſt, and long again for night:
Virtue's a theme that idle girls may learn,
But fit for women ſuch as theſe to ſpurn.

And know, that I o'er ſuch as theſe preſide,
Direct their councils, and their actions guide;
Nor deem it wrong that W—y's Wife ſhould reign,
Where Vice and Impudence compoſe the train.
Here G——r, L——r, and Ar—r, meet,
Me at their head, and Virtue at their feet:
Here J—y R——n and S—h repair,
With many others of the amorous fair.
All theſe, at midnight, met in cloſe divan,
Plan future ſchemes of happineſs with Man;
Their wiſhes gratify at all expence,
And bid adieu to Decency and Senſe:

Free

Free and as common as the air we rove,
And deal to all who aſk, a ſhare of love;
Yield, quickly yield, or ſtay not to be preſt,
And all careſſing, are by all careſt.

Such is the Wife whom Fortune made you wed,
Who loaths your name, as ſhe deteſts your bed;
And muſt I live, yet breathe this vital air;
And muſt I then this name for ever bear?
Yet, thanks to fate! the *name* remains alone,
For all the *duties* of a Wife are flown!

From thee, 'tis true, I fled, in hopes to find
A pleaſure equal to my luſtful mind.
Long time, alas! unſatisfy'd I rang'd,
Now pleas'd with W——M, now for G——M chang'd;
At length with B——T ſtopt, for *he* could give
What from *thine* arms I never could receive.
From him no teizing titillations came;
He rais'd thoſe paſſions which he well could tame.
Diſſolv'd in thrilling extacy we lay,
Kiſs'd till the morn, then curs'd the coming day.
Oh! had you ſeen me on his breaſt reclin'd;
Lips glu'd to lips, and limbs with limbs entwin'd:

With

With oft repeated acts of dalliance ſpent,
My luſt quite ſated, and my heart content.
Then had you vainly curſt th' inconſtant charms
That gave me once a Virgin to thine arms.
But ſure thoſe charms you cannot juſtly blame,
For wer't not THOU the *author* of thy ſhame?
—What madneſs W——Y could poſſeſs thy brain,
To help a Wife to an admiring ſwain?*
Say did you think, or all my beauties gone,
Or were they but reſerv'd for thee alone?

He

* Alluding to the affair at *Maidſtone-Bath.*

He ſince has ſworn, that, naked as I ſtood,
He thought me Venus ris'n from the flood.
Nor did I ſtrive, for fear that you would chide;
The leaſt, the ſmalleſt of my charms to hide:
Without a bluſh I gave him time to gaze,
And ſet his youthful ſpirits in a blaze;
Not ſo chaſte Dian by Acteon ſeen,
What *I* expos'd, *ſhe* moſt contriv'd to ſcreen:
But leſt to her ſome crimes he ſhould impute,
" Wear horns from hence, ſhe cry'd, and be a brute."
Such, B——T, too had been *thy* hapleſs fate,
And ſuch th'effect of married woman's hate.

But

But ſince not your's, but W——r's was the fault,
I gave to him the *honours* which he ſought;
And may he long ſuch *glorious honours* wear,
Deſpis'd and ridicul'd by all the Fair,
Who live in *Drury-lane* or *Groſv'nor Square!*
And ye, my Sex! when Huſbands are the cauſe,
Sneer at all diſcipline, and break their laws;
Purſue the path which I've ſo nobly trod,
And ſhew no dread of puniſhment, or G—d!

E'en B—t too, perhaps, may chance to find
Your Wife again inconſtant and unkind.

Another Youth perhaps may tempt to ſtray,
And ſhew to pleaſure a more *varied* way;
Another D——T yet again may charm,
Another G——M with *new* paſſions warm:
Well—let them come—ſhe ever yet was right,
Who never ſinn'd no oft'ner than ſhe might.—
I hate the mean, the paltry, grov'ling ſoul,
That yields obedience, and can bear controul:
Let Liberty, dear Liberty, our ways direct,
And *Prudence* thoſe ſhe pleaſes may inſpect.

Perhaps

Perhaps, in ſome ſeraglio's diſmal gloom,
Some hapleſs *Fatima* laments her doom;
Perhaps ſome ſolitary wretch complains,
And tells to heav'n alone her inward pains;
Torn from the youth ſhe dearly, fondly lov'd;
Far from her country and her friends remov'd;
With pomp ſurrounded, impotently gay,
In groans ſhe ſpends the night, in tears the day:
Compell'd, alas! in horrid grandeur dreſt,
To kiſs the man her feelings muſt deteſt;
Oh! 'tis a thought might ſhock the hardeſt heart;
In ſuch a cauſe myſelf could bear a part.

But, ye Italians! whom no law reſtrains,
Who know the full extent of Marriage-chains;
Whom dear Ciciſbeos am'rouſly invite,
To ſofteſt ſcenes of pleaſure and delight;
All women ſure might wiſh for ſuch a life;
All, all, might envy but—an Engliſh *Wife:*
But ſhe, diſpleas'd with ceremonious chat,
Talks to her Spark in private—*and all that:*
And if ſhe fails ſome willing youth to find,
Why then a *Huſband* caters to her mind.
She ſcorns your impotent Italian Beaux,
And loves intrinſic worth, not tinſel clothes.

Fly far from hence, ye Fops! not worth my care,
Who only ſerve to tantalize the Fair;
Whoſe joy it is to flutter at a play,
Repeat the news or ſcandal of the day;
Tell how Lord M. with Lady C. was caught;
Then frame a duel which was never fought:
Then with a face ſignificantly grave,
Murder the character you'd ſeem to *ſave:*
Cry, " So, Miſs C— has made a ſad *faux-pas!*
" Pity, poor Girl! her Lover N—LLE ſaw!"
Be gone, I ſay, ye ſcandalizing Brood!
And learn to give a more ſubſtantial food!

Let other ſenſes have an equal ſhare;
Nor think all pleaſure center'd in the ear!

In former times, it was a crime to rove,
And Wives to Huſbands could confine their love:
But now, when Huſbands can't perform their dues,
Frail Nature's wants they ſurely ſhould excuſe:
Nor can the graveſt Cynic juſtly blame
The working paſſions of the tender Dame.
MAN was a creature made our wants to bleſs,
Our failings pardon, or our wrongs redreſs.

And though our inclination may be drown'd,
In the baſe chinking of *Ten Thouſand Pound:*
Yet muſt our paſſions and affections ſtill
All act in due obedience to the will.

But ſince, O W—y, thou haſt thus decreed
That I ſhould be from ſuch a Tyrant freed:
For this one deed I gratefully confeſs,
If it was poſſible—I'd hate thee leſs:
But fixt and firm as unrelenting fate
Is my determin'd, everlaſting hate:

Sooner ſhall S—KV—LLE be to S—LLE join'd;
With S—w—H, R--CH--D; N-H with F-X combin'd;
Than thou again ſhould'ſt be ally'd to me,
Or I again be ever —— by thee.

FINIS.

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